THE Nation

December 11, 1954

20¢

Our Policy in Asia

Part Blunder, Part Thunder

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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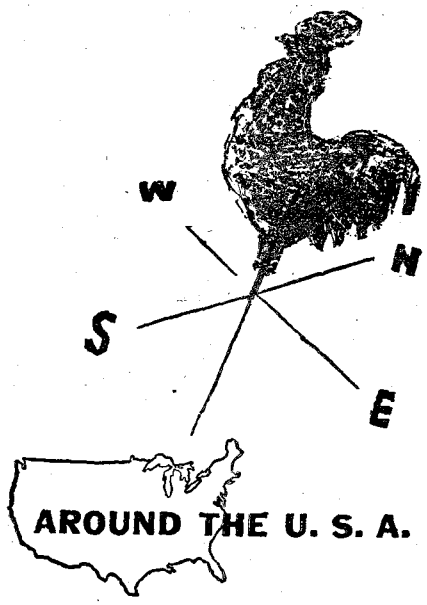

Wages, Communism, and White Supremacy

Port Arthur, Texas

PORT ARTHUR is a bitter town after the weary months of picket lines around twenty retail establishments, many of them located in two blocks of the downtown shopping district. The city has had strikes before, but none have been attacked so unscrupulously in the name of anti-communism and white supremacy.

The strikers are dismayed. The original reason for their walkout, and the reason they continue to pound the sidewalk, was a matter of wages. Wage scales range from $16 a week for kitchen help in the restaurants to $18 for hotel chambermaids and $21 to $29 for variety-store clerks. It was their misfortune that they began their walkout just as Governor Allan Shivers was planning his campaign for reelection, and that the strike presented him an irresistible opportunity to save the state from communism and the Negroes.

Retail workers had never had a union in this corner of southeastern Texas until September, 1953, when organizers from the Distributing, Processing, and Office Workers of America (C. I. O.) set to work. Local merchants depending on cheap labor were outraged. Attacks on the union's political philosophy and on the "Americanism" of the organizers started almost at once. These became so virulent that on November 12, two days before the strike started, O. A. Knight, president of the Oil Workers' International Union (C. I. O.), informed the president of the oil workers' local that the D. P. O. W. A. had been thoroughly investigated by competent C. I. O. officials and found to be free of subversive influences. Business men, however, were getting a story that better suited their purpose. A. A. Imberman, research director for the Foundation for Management Research in Chicago, attacked the D. P. O. W. A.'s political philosophy before the Port Arthur Kiwanis Club on Wednesday, November 11, before the Rotary Club on Thursday, and before the executive board and legal committee of the American Legion on Friday.

ON Saturday the strike began. On the next Wednesday, State Attorney General John Ben Shepperd charged that the union leaders were "proven Communists." He accused the secretary treasurer, David Livingston, of "Communist affiliation." Livingston replied that his non-Communist affidavit was on file with the National Labor Relations Board. Thereupon Shepperd issued prepared statements declaring that the D. P. O. W. A. leadership had "a long record for supporting subversive causes." Leaders of the Oil Workers' Union found his attack strongly "reminiscent of what happened to the oil workers during the early days of organization."

On November 23 Matt Cvetic, former government undercover agent, was brought to the area for four appearances. He announced that the Port Arthur strike "incident" could not be separated from occurrences at other vital points in the United States where the "Communists were infiltrating labor unions." On November 26 Shepperd charged that Port Arthur was the "testing ground" of a Communist plot to take over the oil industry and the main Texas Gulf ports. That was the D. P. O. W. A. aim, he said.

By November 27 the emergency was so inflated that Governor Shivers stepped in to save Texas. He ordered a five-man industrial committee to probe the thinking of the D. P. O. W. A. and two other Texas unions. On November 30 the C. I. O. took action and absorbed the striking local, giving it a new name, Local 1814, C. I. O. Fred C. Pieper, assistant to the executive vice-president of the C. I. O., announced that the purpose of the move was to bring peace to the community and charged that Shepperd and Shivers had helped to prolong the strike by fomenting a hysterical situation for the past three weeks. When the Governor's investigating committee reported on December 7, it said that the evidence showed that with the exception of the leaders of the three unions probed, no member of a Texas labor union was a Communist.

THAT seemed to end it. The walkout became an ordinary walkout—for the next eight months. But when Shivers was forced into a runoff primary against Ralph Yarborough, he remembered the subversive threat in Port Arthur. Speaking in Port Arthur, he lashed out at Yarborough for saying communism was no threat in Texas. "My opponent does not have to look under the bed to find the people who are sponsoring, supporting, and sympathizing with this Communist-launched war against Port Arthur," he said. "These people are right in bed with him."

So the strike became a Communist plot again. Groups of pro-Shivers citizens from Port Arthur went through the state spreading the woeful tale of what Yarborough-style radicalism had done to their home town. At Comanche and Goldthwaite, Shivers held up copies of the *Daily Worker* to the crowd and said, "These are the kind of people who don't want Shivers for governor." "Selected" voters received a booklet containing pictures of white and Negro pickets marching side by side, of a picket carrying a banner on which were Yarborough stickers, of a white and a Negro picket of opposite sex sitting together in a car. For the voter who was not certain of his stand, the pamphlet tied Yarborough, the strike, communism, and segregation into one bundle.

Except in and around Port Arthur, where voters had first-hand acquaintance with the labor dispute, the Shivers arguments were effective. The dirtiest campaign in many a Texan's memory ended as a victory for the hysterical approach to communism. At this writing a partial settlement of the strike is in prospect which may put several hundred people back at work. But the smear lingers on.

JULES DORSEY

JULES DORSEY is the pen name of an East Texas newspaperman.

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

The Censure Vote

The vote on the McCarthy censure resolution may well mark the turning point in the domestic politics of the cold war, and this despite the fact that the real issues were never touched on in debate, except in fine summaries by Senators Watkins, Fulbright, and Lehman. For the vote on this inherently unimportant resolution accomplished what votes on far more significant issues have not accomplished—a severance of the alliance between right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrat Democrats which has been the dominant force in Congress since 1938. Consolidated at maximum strength, the right-wing elements in the Republican Party are now isolated. No longer can they pose as fellow-travelers of a Republican Party headed by President Eisenhower, or as allies of like-minded Southern Democrats. Instead, they have insisted on identifying themselves as "card-carrying" members of Joe McCarthy's pro-war party.

At the same time, Senator Knowland's open espousal of McCarthy and McCarthy's quick indorsement of Knowland's foreign policy will force the President to rely on a new coalition of liberal-moderate Republicans and a Democratic Party more nearly united than at any time since the early phases of the New Deal. Not a single Democrat voted against censure on the first count—the one detail of the vote that surprised McCarthy. Measured only in terms of Senate votes, the liberal-moderate elements are a majority in the Republican Party: twenty-three voted for, twenty against, censure. But measured in terms of constituencies, their preponderance is even greater. Thus in this new coalition the President can find ample support for a policy of "competitive coexistence" if he will show firm leadership. To the extent that he is successful in such a policy, he will still further isolate, and weaken, the right wing opposition in his own party.

Hard Answer

Since the Western world had brusquely turned down Moscow's invitation to a conference last week on European security the guests were limited to the neighboring Communist states, with China on hand as an "observer." The Soviet bloc will coordinate and step up its defenses, and East Germany will be armed to meet the threat of a West German army equipped with American weapons. Western spokesmen discount the program, professing to believe that coordination antedated the conference and that East Germany cannot match Bonn in arms or men.

This view ignores a number of uncomfortable facts. One is that in East Europe the fear of a rearmed Germany is so real that its imminence will do much to rally the people behind their rulers. Another is that an East German army need not equal that of Bonn so long as the forces at Moscow's disposal are unified. But the Washington illusion that a German army will permanently tilt the military balance our way dies very hard.

Interlocking Tragedies

Whatever the legal position—and we lack the facts on which to judge—Communist China's detention of the American fliers lacked both humanity and political wisdom. What China wants it cannot get by giving heartache to American families or by providing more ammunition to the jingos in the Senate. The initial moderation with which both the President and Secretary Dulles reacted to an emotionally provocative incident was therefore commendable. But it is in the nature of our Asian policy that it cannot long be pursued with moderation, for it is in itself an extreme policy. Forty-eight hours after rebuffing Senator Knowland's demand for a China boycott, Mr. Dulles announced the signing of the defense agreement with Chiang Kai-shek. We have put our seal upon a document giving away an island which doesn't belong to us to a man who has no right to it.

In this sense China's holding of the American fliers is a smaller wrong committed in the shadow of a greater one. If public opinion here is inflamed over the imprisonments, what must the Chinese people be feeling about losing their sons in the current fighting on the offshore islands—fighting made possible only by American guns, American money, American officers, and the American Seventh Fleet? So long as the problem of Formosa is not settled, so long will dangerous and provocative incidents occur that will keep us on the rim of war. The sensitive British are urging caution on both sides.

Mr. Lodge has submitted the latest incident before the United Nations; characteristically, he will apparently seek to bar the accused from appearing in person to hear the charge. But even if China is permitted to appear, there is little likelihood of anything constructive coming out of a debate which will deal with an effect rather than a cause.

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The Ghost of Herbert Croly

To the *New Republic,* which has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary, go the best wishes of this publication. *The Nation* firmly believes in what the Eisenhower Administration now calls "competitive coexistence," and we don't know how we managed to get on during our first fifty years without the stimulus of a respected rival. To Michael Straight, its editor, to Gilbert A. Harrison, its publisher, and to the staff of the *New Republic* we extend our congratulations, thanks, and the old and tested maxim: be of good cheer, the last forty years are the toughest.

No banquet, as Mr. Straight told his guests at the birthday dinner, is complete without a ghost. For the occasion Mr. Straight selected Richard Crossman of the London *New Statesman and Nation,* who has offended the *New Republic* by his insistence that the state of civil liberties in the United States leaves something to be desired and that liberals themselves are partly responsible. A more appropriate ghost, we think, might have been Herbert Croly, the journal's founder. What Croly would have thought of Henry R. Luce's speech at the banquet is a fascinating subject for speculation. In Mr. Luce's reading of the history of the past forty years, "the promise of American life" has been fully realized; we have reached, in his fine large phrase, "the promised land," having "almost solved almost all the internal problems which have been traditionally proper subjects for political agitation and debate." To be sure, new problems have come with the Age of Too Much; parts of the world, still wretchedly poor, have to be supplied with the gadgets and goodies that abound here. It is true, also, that some of "the same old problems" are still with us, like "slums, negro [*sic*] rights, not to mention traffic jams and mental health," but the publisher puts it squarely up to what he calls the "Advance Guard" to remove these untidy vestiges. As he says, incontrovertibly, "the business of the Advance Guard *is* to be in advance—way up there ahead."

The real progress of the American Century, however, is to be made in "the realm of the spirit." While the churches are full, America is still faced with the problem of "religious illiteracy." "We have a bull market in religion or spiritual values—and buyers as uneducated as the buyers of stocks in 1929." The remedy is "a far nobler politics." Let us forswear, Mr. Luce urges, words like "coexistence, appeasement, preventive war"; rather let us use only the words of "high politics"—skyscraper politics—which are: Liberty, Justice, and Law. Perhaps on second thought it is just as well that the ghost of Herbert Croly was not present to hear this Lucian reinterpretation of "the promise of American life"—which suggests nothing quite so much as a Darryl Zanuck adaptation of "Leaves of Grass" for cinemascope.

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BONN'S ECONOMIC DRIVE

Caracas to Karachi . . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

GERMAN industrialists are proving incomparably more vigorous and imaginative than their Western colleagues in seizing the economic opportunities offered by the underdeveloped areas of the world. Nowhere is "Point Four" discussed with more gusto than in the villa near Essen where Alfred Krupp lays plans to link his famous family name to great T. V. A.'s instead of guns—at least for the time being. So Bonn's new *Drang nach Osten,* of which we spoke last week, does not stop in the Middle East. The Far East, Latin America, and underdeveloped areas everywhere are feeling its effects, as are the competing American and British interests in those regions. Ironically, the most energetic figure in this many-pronged German drive is Krupp himself, who was released from prison in 1951 by the American High Commissioner.

In Asia, it appears, the Germans are after the whole hog. They are seeking political as well as cash profits in contributing to the industrialization of backward areas and to the full utilization of their natural resources. And in the process they are looking forward to the creation of millions of new customers who will buy German consumer goods in fantastic quantities. This grandiose scheme can only be carried out at the expense of their Anglo-American rivals.

Without forgetting the vast potentiality of the China market, the Germans are now particularly interested in heavy construction contracts in Pakistan, India, and Thailand. They are concentrating on such basic projects as hydroelectric and irrigation dams, steel plants, bridges, roads, and the supplying of heavy and light machinery. A trade treaty concluded with Pakistan at the end of 1949 opened the country to a veritable army of German engineers and business men, and construction of a plant capable of an annual production of 300,000 tons of steel and 50,000 tons of pig iron is planned. A trade agreement with India, signed in 1951, provides specifically for German participation in the country's capital development. Among works already under way is the construction of a cement factory near Bombay which will produce about 300 tons daily.

THE Germans are steadily regaining the powerful economic position they held in South America before World War II. It is a market worthy of being courted. The continent's present population is slightly more than 100,000,000, but at the present rate of increase it will reach 600,000,000 in another fifty years. The importance given the area in German economic thinking is made clear in "Germany's Come-Back in the World Market," the recently published book by Ludwig Erhard, Minister of Economics in the Adenauer government. The Germans are seeking to capitalize on the widespread anti-United States feeling which has grown out of this country's "dumping" tactics and general reluctance to buy Latin American goods. "Our imports from Uruguay," writes Erhard, "will have to be stimulated to the highest possible degree." The new breed of German industrialists and business men recognizes that one-way trade soon withers to no trade at all.

Quick to take advantage of Argentina's Five-Year Plan, West Germany has been bombarding the Perón government with dozens of proposals, all of them based on liberal credit terms. The first trade treaty with Brazil was signed by Bonn as early as August, 1950; this called for a turnover of $115,000,000 worth of goods by each signatory. Since that time German exports to Brazil have been rising sharply. The Germans at one time deliberately bought more coffee than they needed just to get a footing in that potentially wealthy country.

German industrialists are keenly interested in the great plans of the Venezuela government, which is seeking to broaden the base of the country's economy. For Venezuela is rich not only in oil, but in all kinds of minerals, including iron. German representatives are constantly in Caracas, consulting with government officials. Trade with Colombia is growing; West Germany exports mainly machinery and in turn has become Colombia's leading European buyer of raw materials and manufactured products. Peru, Ecuador, and Chile also find it profitable to do business with the West Germans. As far as Mexico is concerned, Bonn has regained all the German pre-war trade and added to it. Before World War II trade between the two countries never totaled more than $20,000,000 a year. In 1953 the value of German exports to Mexico reached $30,000,000. In many cases the Mexicans are getting four to five years' credit. Even Cuba, traditionally dominated by American industry, is succumbing to the songs of the Rhine maidens. Recently a Cuban who had been Havana distributor for the Packard Motor Car Company since 1913 gave up the franchise in order to handle the small German Volkswagen. "I can see nothing but a Volkswagen in the Cuban motorist's future," he said. Amusing? Probably not to the Packard people.

Today West Germany has more lucrative contracts than it can immediately fulfil. But it is the future, not the present, which accounts for the enormous self-confidence suffusing the current reports of the great German industrial enterprises. Germany has made a miraculous comeback even as a divided, unarmed, occupied nation. What will it do now that its army is being restored and it will once more be able to negotiate—in business as well as in politics—from "positions of strength"? The fact is that Germany is soon destined to become the most powerful member of the NATO community. Next week I will discuss Germany's inroads into the trade of the very countries which made possible its own rejuvenation—Western Europe and the United States.

[*This is the second of a series of three articles.*]

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OUR ASIAN POLICY

Part Blunder, Part Thunder . . *by Nathaniel Peffer*

WE CONTINUE to win Pyrrhic victories in the Far East. At Geneva we resolutely refused to discuss our relations with China, and Mr. Dulles refused even to bow to the Chinese delegate, a great diplomatic feat. In the United Nations General Assembly we prevented any consideration of Communist China's admission. Who was the king or general who said, "One more such victory and we were undone"?

Never was a great power so tightly bound by shackles of its own making as this country is at present in its relations with the Far East. We cannot go forward; we cannot go back; it is uncomfortable and dangerous to stay where we are. We get relief in petulance, in recrimination, in wild but futile threats, and in self-flagellation in the form of proscription of any American who does not believe that Communist China is the principle of evil and Chiang Kai-shek the avatar of liberty. As a result American dignity has been lowered in the eyes of the world, and we are as much isolated as we were in 1920.

Is there anything that can be done? Is it possible, now that the election is over and issues of foreign policy are not sticks with which to beat opponents in domestic politics, to look at the whole question of China freshly and with a perspective not distorted by passion or demagoguery? One has no confidence, but one can hope. The first principle to recognize, perhaps the only one, is that there can be no international stability in the Far East unless the West's relations with China are regularized and unless China ceases to be a bone of contention among the great powers. That has always been true since China came into the scheme of world politics a hundred years ago, and presumably always will be. We got into war with Japan over China and only over China. We can get into a war with Russia over China. It follows, then, that we must come to some understanding with China or sooner or later drift into a major war, one ugly incident following another until there is one from which neither side can retreat. The Chinese Communists' recent imprisonment of American airmen as spies is a case in point. The episode makes it all the more necessary for us to reexamine our relations with Peking.

Courtesy Washington *Post* and *Times-Herald*

If we recognize this, the first essential is to disabuse our minds of the myths, delusions, and skilfully concocted half-truths that have numbed and warped our thinking for five years. And the first misconception to be cleared out is the nonsense, originally fomented for domestic political purposes, that this country, or rather the Truman Administration, was responsible for China becoming Communist. In no country in Asia, in no country in Europe, nowhere in the world except here is that idea thought to be anything but nonsense. Events and persons within China—most of all, our present protégé, Chiang Kai-shek, and his associates—made China go Communist. Nothing but an American expeditionary force of 500,000 men could have kept it from doing so. And who among the now passionate advocates of Chiang Kai-shek in or out of Congress had the courage to propose that in 1948, when it might have been effective?

Next we must free ourselves of the delusion that Chiang Kai-shek and his regime can be reinstated on the mainland. The Communists may in time be overthrown because they too have forfeited the Mandate of Heaven and the confidence of the people. But if they are overthrown they will not be succeeded by Chiang Kai-shek and his followers. Chiang's credit has run out.

We can take it for granted, then, that the Communists will remain in power in China for the foreseeable future—always with the reservation that there is no third world war, in which case nothing can be clearly foreseen. Therefore if we are not to continue in a state of near-war in the Far East, in a situation at least as inflammable as that in Europe, we shall have to establish some kind of live-and-let-live relationship with China. China exists; it is there; we have to go on being in the same world with it.

IS THERE a basis for any kind of accord, however distant, cool, and distrusting? What are the obstacles?

On the one side, China is Communist in belief and practice, which is enough to kindle American resentment. China has joined the Russian bloc, which arouses American fears, not without warrant, though it may properly be asked whether America did not drive it there. China resorted to force in Korea, to a degree intervened in Indo-China, and threatens elsewhere in Southeast Asia. Finally, China is conducting a vicious campaign of hate against the United States. These are our grievances, and they militate against normal relations.

On the other side, the United States gave assistance to the enemies of the Communists in the civil war that pre-

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ceded their victory. It has refused to recognize the Peking government and is responsible for the failure of most other countries to do so. It has blocked Peking's admission to the United Nations. And it has stationed part of its navy around Formosa to prevent the Communists from taking that Chinese island. These are China's grievances.

Can the differences be composed? First of all, if there is to be a return to a stable order, the dead past must be buried, both sides participating in the obsequies. China's adoption of communism and affiliation with Russia must be accepted as irreversible for the time, exactly as we accept Russia's being Communist. After that, if the grievances of both sides are considered together, there appears to be room for compromise and settlement in the way ordinarily practiced by nations when passions are not so aroused as to preclude reason.

So long as either side is stiffnecked and regards even an approach to negotiations as "appeasement"—whatever that now prostituted word means—there is no hope. This is to say that as long as the American government and an artificially and perhaps cynically created public opinion remain unchanged, there is no hope. If they do change, then China must be required to withdraw its forces from Korea, the United States doing the same, and both must pledge themselves not to reenter Korea with military force except in case of renewed aggression there. Korea will meanwhile have to remain divided, pending a larger settlement between the Communist and non-Communist blocs—like Germany, in other words. China must pledge itself also not to intervene in North Vietnam and not to give it military aid on a scale larger than that of American aid to any country in Europe. It must cease supplying arms to organized Communist forces elsewhere in Southeast Asia and must not interfere in the internal affairs of any country there, either directly or through resident Chinese communities. This last is not far different from what Nehru is reported to have asked of China.

If China accedes to these conditions, the United States must bring itself to recognize the Peking regime as the legitimate government of China, regardless of protests by certain groups, regardless of the uproar in domestic politics. We shall have to come to it sooner or later. As has been said, nobody who has kept his balance believes that the Communists can be overthrown in any period that counts in the present critical state of international politics or sees anything to be gained by our continued ostrich-like refusal to look at the facts. Nor is what is to be lost by recognition any more apparent. Have we been imperiled in any way or even embarrassed by our maintenance of an embassy in Moscow? Consider the Berlin blockade: was it better or worse for us that we had a normal way of negotiating with the Russian government on that?

MUCH the same argument applies to admitting Communist China into the United Nations. There is something incongruous if not preposterous in a nation numbering one-fifth of the population of the world being represented in the world organization by an evicted rump taking shelter behind American warships on an island off the continent inhabited by that nation. There might be some ground for saying that China is temporarily ineligible to be represented in the United Nations at all. There is nothing sensible to be said for its being represented by Chiang Kai-shek and the small group of aging courtiers who surround him.

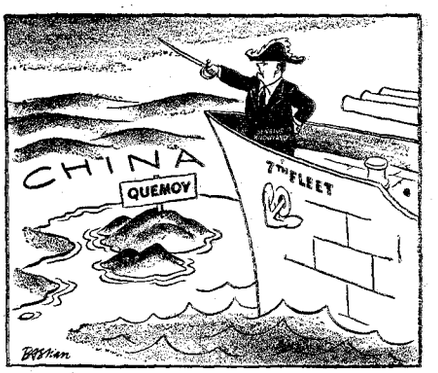
What of vital interest to America would be lost if Communist China did take its seat in the United Nations? Before that is answered it must be observed that our present obduracy and the constraint we put on other countries to yield to it are irritating and even antagonizing a number of those countries, including some which are our natural allies. Suppose Chou En-lai, the Peking Prime Minister, does come to the Security Council? Suppose he adds his veto to Russia's? How much worse off are we with two vetoes against us than with one? The assumption, of course, is that admission would be preceded by the required concessions on China's part.

There is left the question of Formosa, perhaps the most difficult one. It is too late to ask whether the question should ever have arisen, whether we should have sent the Seventh Fleet to Formosa and thus taken on the commitment of protecting it, presumably forever. The fact is we did. It is also a fact that there is no possibility of a settlement with China and therefore of stability in the Far East as long as we keep the fleet there as a forcible cease-and-desist order against the Communists. The Communist government will never agree to the permanent alienation of Formosa from China proper or to its subordination, even at one remove, to the interests of another great power. Neither would a revived Nationalist government.

Are we, then, to have generation after generation of young navy lads serving in cruisers and destroyers going round and round Formosa in order to prevent Mao Tse-tung's grandsons from landing there? What could be more absurd? Certainly it can be taken for granted that once the fleet is withdrawn the Communists will attack, and successfully.

The past cannot be undone, and it must be admitted that the United States cannot at once withdraw and let the Communists have Formosa. There is always the wretched thing called prestige to bedevil relations between nations. Our immediate voluntary withdrawal would inevitably be represented all over Asia as proof that America need not be heeded and that China cannot be resisted. In all probability the Chinese would conclude, since they are given to losing their heads in times of national success, that America was what they call "a paper tiger," not to be feared, and that they could advance with impunity into Burma or Thailand or both. In that event the major war would come.

THE question of Formosa must be dealt with after all other differences between the two countries are settled, but it must be embodied in the general settlement. Here, too, there must be compromise. Formosa must be declared to be part of China, within the scope of Chinese sovereignty. The present Nationalist regime must be liquidated, with



Senator Knowland: "Full Speed Ahead!"

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asylum elsewhere given to the leaders of the government and such others as wish to leave. But for a transitional period—ten years, if possible, five years certainly—Formosa must have a special status. It must be put under the jurisdiction of the U. N. and administered by a commission composed of representatives of three small states. After ten years or five Formosa would be incorporated in China proper, whatever government was in power. By that time all the important men now in Formosa would have left or died and the incidence of penalization by the Communists be minimized.

This is for us a retreat, no doubt. But sooner or later we must retreat or go forward into war—war against China surely, against Russia probably—a war we shall fight without allies. No European country is going to spend its treasure or send its young men to fight for Formosa. War being what it is in our time, can any sane American think that Formosa is worth the risk? If many of us do, then we really are in a psychotic state over the Far East, as many Europeans believe.

There is only one argument in favor of not yielding at all, even for compromise—the strategic one. And the strategic argument may well be more political than strategic. It is doubtful whether navy men eight years ago thought Formosa particularly important. One cannot see why they should now. Presumably we look on Formosa as a bastion. But if the Chinese or Russians wish to attack the United States or its possessions they can do so from a number of points on the Asian coast—say Canton, or Haiphong in Indo-China—far more effectively than from Formosa.

In any situation of international conflict there comes a time when compromise is no longer possible, when both sides are carried by a tide they can no longer resist, when events get beyond their control. A small incident, unimportant in itself, can then release a holocaust. In our time and in this case the holocaust may be final. It is not melodramatic to say that the time draws short in the Far East. We had better settle quickly or prepare to fight.

EXECUTIVE SUITE

The Power and the Prize . . *by Allan Seager*

FAIRLY recently two novels have appeared that do not attack business. This is not to say that all other novels do, but rather that all the novels dealing with business that I have seen for many years attack it, and pretty sharply. "The Power and the Prize" by Howard Swiggett and "Executive Suite" by Cameron Hawley defend business and business men, the one subtly with a fair show of objectivity, the other anxiously; in fact, Hawley's publishers claim that he "shows business to be an essentially honorable and socially beneficial way to spend one's life." Judged seriously as works of art, these books are sentimental, naive, and technically commonplace. But as documents they are fascinating.

If there are a few individuals who have avoided any dependence on business, they are hardened eccentrics, surviving in remote mountain valleys on brook trout and service berries. The rest of us are caught, and the authors of most business novels condemn the intricacy of our entanglement. They have discovered that big corporations dispose, if at times reluctantly, of vast political power. They have observed that the existing specialization in shop and office stifles the individual. They stubbornly revive the old chestnut about the ethics of business being low, a point expounded by every American novelist since Frank Norris and blindingly obvious to anyone who buys and ingests a loaf of our contemporary rubber bread. They even contend that much of our business activity is gratuitous, and prove it by asserting that while the aim of production and distribution is to supply the populace with food, clothing, and shelter, about half of us get paid for catering not to these needs but to trivial desires originated and cultivated by the advertising business. Who, they ask, *demanded* the automobile or radio? Anyone? No, they were *supplied* and now seem necessities.

Probably most of these complainers drive cars and listen to phonograph records, though if consistency has any value they should play their own fiddles and walk. But it is unlikely that many will take these backward steps, and the revolution that will upset our business society has not made the faintest preliminary stir. Probably for the next half-century we shall have rebels, not revolutionaries, and their piping accusations will seem mere private crochets, almost powerless. Yet the interesting thing about these accusations is that they are often true.

Tiny as they are, the arrows have stung the behemoth, though there has been no official response or denial in the speeches of N. A. M. presidents or in business magazines. It is really not odd that the principal spokesmen for the defense should be novelists, since novelists are more sensitive. Mr. Swiggett has written a leisurely romantic tale that only happens, apparently, to have a corporation's activities as its setting. There is no overt message about business, although the implications are shrewd. Mr. Hawley's book is more like a tract. He has heard the criticisms. He is reluctant to dignify them by open acknowledgement, but he sees to it they are answered in the raucously emotional speeches of his hero, Don Walling. The ground assumption of both books is that business is a *serious* activity. If a truly serious meaning is given to "serious," such as "appropriate to the dignity we believe possible to all men," then the books themselves prove the assumption to be mistaken. If the authors mean to suggest that business is the nearest arena in which a man

ALLAN SEAGER, novelist, teaches at the University of Michigan. His latest book is "Amos Berry."

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can spend his energies and because it is the nearest, the most important, they are entirely correct.

IN "The Power and the Prize," Cleves Barwick, a bachelor of forty, vice-president of a metals corporation located at 30 Rockefeller Center, is in London working on a deal with a British firm. On a week-end he meets and falls violently in love with Rachel Linka, an Austrian, secretary of an organization providing employment for Continental refugees. He determines to marry her and bring her to America over the anticipated objections of his board chairman, George Salt. When Barwick first mentions his plans, Salt rejoices and says, "Now what's her name, how old is she, and did her father go to Yale?" Barwick says he met her in London. "An English girl: well, that's all right," Salt says. Then Barwick has to embark on a dreadful recital: Rachel is (a) a foreigner, (b) a Jewess—and later there are rumors that she may have been (c) a prostitute and, worse, (d) a Communist in Vienna. (The rumors turn out happily to be false.) Salt, who had regarded Barwick as almost a son, blows his stack and expects him to resign. Barwick refuses, and in the following struggle for power it is Salt who is jettisoned. Barwick succeeds him, puts off his wedding for a few days so he can conclude the deal with the British, and at last marries Rachel.

"Executive Suite" is the old tale of the death of a king and the choosing of his heir. We have no opportunity to see an executive doing his work. We are thrust into crisis immediately. On page one Avery Bullard, president of the Tredway Corporation (furniture), dies of a coronary occlusion at the age of fifty-six. An autocrat, he has appointed no executive vice-president, and for the next twenty-four hours a fight goes on among the vice-presidents, the controller, and the treasurer to see who will take his place. If you have never read a novel before, you may be puzzled and excited to the very end. If you *have* read a novel before, you will recognize Don Walling as the new king as soon as he is described. He is young, and it is one of the axioms of business lore that young men have the stuff. He is vice-president in charge of design, and hence his mind is "creative." After Walling becomes president and prophesies that the Tredway Corporation will soon have 15 per cent of the total furniture business instead of 3 per cent, the book ends.

A reviewer for a business magazine said that the heroes of the two novels are "the smart young management men fighting for the dignity of their class," and I believe the authors intended to illuminate this aspect of the current changes in organizational structure. Both heroes are better than their predecessors. George Salt has committed the inevitable sin of growing old—he is having trouble with his Vision, and is hypocritical, dishonest, unkind to inferiors, and rotted with prejudice. Barwick has energy and a touch of culture—he likes Schumann—and he can match the suave good manners of his English counterparts. Mr. Swiggett is careful to show him as relatively honest. In London when he carries on a train of deception for a week he is troubled about it and does it only because Salt ordered him to.

It is harder for Walling to excel Bullard because Mr. Hawley has deliberately conceived Bullard as a king. His kingly qualities are the usual executive "drive," a fanatic dedication to the company's welfare, implied intelligence, and a mysterious ability to spot the false at a glance. The essence of his kingliness, however, is that he could light a spark in men's minds. This is big medicine, and I am not one to say it is impossible.

At the meeting to choose his successor, the directors line up three for Walling and three for Loren Shaw, the controller. Shaw makes a speech asserting that a corporation is an organization devoted to making profits for its stockholders. In spite of its stunning plausibility, his contention turns out to be dramatically ironic. That is not what a corporation is at all. A corporation is like a man, Walling replies. No man can work for money alone. A man has his pride. The force that kept Bullard going was his terrific pride in himself, "the driving urge to do what no other man on earth could do." Bullard dwindled when he did not think about other men's pride. Walling will outdo him in that he will "never ask a man to do anything that will poison his pride in himself." This speech lands Walling the job, and it is also Mr. Hawley's chief defense of business. It is a dream wish, embarrassing as it stands and more so when we remember that the Tredway Corporation has an assembly line.

THESE books are depressing because they assume, blandly and solemnly, that the business world fits down exactly over the whole world with hardly a bay or valley to spare, as if the manufacture of material objects were the only field for the exercise of a man's best thinking and his finest impulses. There is something pathetic in Bullard's pride, the urge to do what no other man on earth could do, when the results would be only more bedroom suites, occasional chairs, and sofas. When Barwick "risks all for love," what is it he risks? Not life or limb like the older romantic heroes, not his sanity like the newer, not even a job, since a rival firm asks him to write his own ticket as soon as his quarrel with Salt leaks out. What, then? Not very much, really. For a few days his position as vice-president of Allied Materials is precarious, and this is important to Barwick because he has achieved the position only after years of strain and, presumably, fierce competition. Pride again, and to what end? If the reader will count the manufactured articles he uses every day that could sink under the sea without disturbing him in the least, I think the list will astonish him. Some things will remain, of course, but there are corporation executives who spend their whole stock of vital energy to supply him with chewing gum, cigarettes, outboard motors, and bug-deflectors for cars. The argument that such things contribute to our well-being and that mak-

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ing them provides employment can be answered by a statement and a question. Well-being is a matter of the spirit as everyone knows in his heart; and are we to spend our lives using more or less valued articles in order to keep workingmen off the dole? Yes, I guess we are.

Are there any other rewards? No one now can make enough to live in real magnificence like the elder Morgan and own a big black yacht. Because of the complexity of organization and the planned irresponsibility specialization begets, power tends to be limited and its enjoyment concealed; it can hardly be a life's goal to obtain the deference of headwaiters. There are perquisites—the two-hundred-dollar overcoats, the suites at Claridge's, the company airplanes—and these may offer satisfaction to a few born poor enough to be permanently impressed. Do these men have any intellectual life aside from their work? None, apparently. Specialization has taken care of that. All of them have been "educated," but they seem to be densely ignorant. Except for Barwick, who likes music and is shown reading a book, the arts do not exist. History is what they can remember. Washington is a place to go to about taxes. Mr. Hawley seems to be right. The bale of hay must be pride.

Both Mr. Swiggett and Mr. Hawley had long careers in business. Like all novelists, they have let their memories shape their material, but they may have reached too far back. A quarter-century is a long time, and business has changed on them. Or it may be that a novel is the wrong medium to use for this kind of defense. Novels are customarily about people, and business tries to eliminate the individual human being as much as it can. A corporation is not like a man; it is like a machine, Mr. Hawley notwithstanding. Indeed, there is a growing use of machines to make the really tough decisions, and executive function is constantly narrowed in the interests of efficiency. Yet both authors, caught by the formal demands of the novel, offer their characters as free individuals—Mr. Swiggett deliberately makes Barwick a rebel—and only in the past could such people move freely.

Mr. Hawley's cry for pride is as quaint as a scythe. The areas where pride can be displayed are shrinking every day. Mr. Hawley's heart, however, is in the right place. And I believe it is his insistence, muddled as it is, on the human rather than the mechanical that has made his book popular.

THE AMERICAN JEW

A Guide to Reading . . *by Harold U. Ribalow*

THE culture, the influence, and the accomplishments of a people are as accurately and comprehensively reflected in the books they produce as in their buildings, their industries, their cities. This is especially true of the Jews, who are now celebrating the tercentenary of their settlement in the United States.

Two few Jews—and too few educated non-Jewish Americans interested in minority groups and their accomplishments—are aware that there exists a limited body of writing which if read selectively by both Jew and Gentile would do much to explain the American Jew to his neighbor and to himself. There is only a handful of these volumes, but they define the Jew, outline his activities in America, explore his psyche, and discuss his problems. Most of the titles can be found in any fairly well-stocked public library.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW is the author of many books on Jewish subjects, including the forthcoming "Mid-Century," an anthology of contemporary Jewish writings.

The history books of course are of first importance. There is a plethora of one-volume Jewish histories and a surprisingly large number of American Jewish histories. Some are outdated; others are specialized studies or, like Oscar Handlin's recent "Adventure in Freedom," scholarly interpretative essays which require of the reader considerable prior knowledge. Rufus Learsi's "The Jews in America: A History" is a fine formal account of the Jewish adventure on these shores. More limited in scope but eminently readable is Bertram W. Korn's "Eventful Years and Experiences," eight essays on American Jewish life in the nineteenth century.

A less formal but extraordinarily revealing work is "A Jewish Tourist's Guide to the United States," by Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman. This is a wonderful piece of Jewish Americana, full of slivers, slices, and hunks of Jewish history in this country. State by state, town by town, the authors have dug up thousands of items of Jewish interest. Nothing relating to Jews in America seems to be omitted. Although Postal and Koppman do not think of themselves as historians, they are, and their ambitious book is educational as well as entertaining.

There are dozens and dozens of biographies of prominent Jews, but few are distinguished and some of the autobiographies are peculiarly disappointing—for example, that of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, published posthumously. Wise's public career was distinguished and influential; his book only partially reflects his powerful personality and vast interests. Biographies of Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, Henrietta Szold, and Joseph Proskauer are worth the specialist's attention but not of particular interest to others.

Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up Stream" and "Mid-Channel" and Meyer Levin's "In Search" are searingly honest accounts of the spiritual odyssey of two sensitive Jewish writers. Lewisohn tells of his gradual painful return from assimilation to Judaism, touching in the process on the conditions which pressed on the nerve centers of an entire generation of uneasy American Jews. Levin, who wrote

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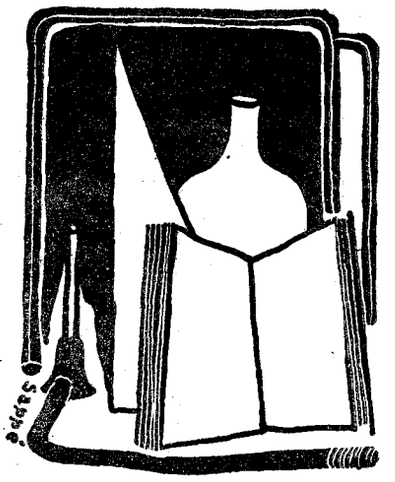
his autobiography while still in his early forties, is shockingly candid. He lived through the Palestine experiment which led to the establishment of a state; he saw what happened to millions of European Jews in the Hitler era; and at the same time he was making his mark as an American novelist. Utilizing all three experiences, Levin shows how an American Jew like himself was affected by Israel and by Hitler and how he finally found a Judaism which, for him, is fulfilling.

In quite another vein is "The Worcester Account," by S. N. Behrman, eleven stories of a Jewish childhood by one of America's foremost playwrights. Here Behrman's usual sophistication is set aside for sentiment; the author writes with obvious affection for the Jewish milieu in which he passed his early days.

THREE other books have ably formulated some of the problems of the Jew in America—his cultural alienation, his reaction to anti-Semitism, his rejection of his religion, and his refusal to educate his children as Jews. One of these; Ludwig Lewisohn's "The American Jew," is written in anger, because to Lewisohn the American Jew is betraying his heritage: he does not live as a Jew should; he does not read Jewish books; he pays lip service to God and emulates the Gentile. Lewisohn writes with the passion of a prophet, and while his picture may be overdrawn it cannot be ignored. A more lucid and scholarly account of the same Jew is to be found in Mordecai M. Kaplan's "The Future of the American Jew." Dr. Kaplan is the founder of Reconstructionism, an offshoot of Conservative Judaism, which holds that Judaism is a civilization and not a faith alone. Drawing from his own experience and from contemporary theological and creative writing, he convinces the reader that the Jew in America has a great opportunity to develop a Judaism which, although quite different from that lived in Europe, is honest and useful.

The third title in this group, "The American Jew," a symposium edited by Oscar Janowsky, contains studies of Judaism and the synagogue, of the structure of the Jewish community, of current philosophies, of Zionism's impact on American Jewish life, of the historical background of Jewish living in this country, and of Jewish culture here. The



book was published in 1942 and is therefore no longer up to date, but it provides a pretty accurate portrait of the American Jew. It is less cynical than Maurice Samuel's out-of-print "Jews on Approval" and, one likes to think, closer to the present truth.

BUT no matter how comprehensive and well-documented these books are, they are less vivid and perhaps less true artistically than the novels dealing with American Jewish life by a handful of creative writers. Perhaps the best is one of the oldest—Abraham Cahan's "The Rise of David Levinsky," the story of a self-made giant of the garment industry. With a wealth of fascinating detail about the inner workings of an industry to which the American Jew has contributed so richly, the novel delineates the successful Jew who, on his way to wealth, sheds his piety and his European habits and thought processes. David Levinsky is typical of thousands of Americans—Jews among them—who have lost their souls, somehow, in winning financial success. Unlike Jerome Weidman and other novelists who have chosen the garment industry as their fictional domain, Cahan is never bitter. He brings a character, an era, and an industry to life and permits the reader to render his own verdict.

A group of novels, most of which are not "current" but can be found in libraries, set their scene in various sections of the United States but are concerned with the usual Jewish conflicts—between father and son, between Orthodox and Reform Judaism, between the Jew and the Gentile. Myron Brinig's "Singermann" describes Jewish life in Montana. Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep" is an unforgettable novel about a Jewish adolescent in the jungle of New York streets. Sidney Meller's "Roots in the Sky" tells an unusual story about an Orthodox rabbi and his family on the West Coast. Meyer Levin's minor classic, "The Old Bunch," is an account of Jewish life in Chicago in the vein of James T. Farrell's novels of Irish life. All these books are distinguished not only by their honesty but by the authors' firm control of their material.

If any better example is required, it can be found in the novels of Charles Angoff, who is embarked on a tetralogy which when completed will offer a finely rounded and authentic narrative of Jewish life in America. The two volumes thus far published are "Journey to the Dawn" and "In the Morning Light"; a third, "The Sun at Noon," is scheduled for this winter.

Charles Angoff does not laugh at Jews as Ben Hecht has done or hate them as Norman Katkov does. But neither does he exaggerate their virtues in the manner of many apologetic novelists. Nor does he dwell on just one facet of Jewish life. His novels touch on every important Jewish theme—intermarriage, Zionism, anti-Semitism, industrial progress, the conflict between parents and children. Here are the Jewish self-hatred that is found in Jo Sinclair's "Wasteland," the rise of the Jewish immigrant as depicted in Louis Zara's "Blessed Is the Man," the rich Jews of James Yaffe's "Poor Cousin Evelyn" and "What's the Big Hurry?"

Zara's novel and also his new historical work, "Blessed Is the Land," which deals with the earliest Jewish settlers in New York, belong on any list of recommended readings, as do the novels of Anzia Yezierska and her memoirs, "Red Ribbon on a White Horse." Louis Falstein's "Sole Survivor," a "chase" story with a moral, represents a change of literary pace and is exciting reading. As for short stories, few collections can compare with "A Treasury of Yiddish Stories" edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg; not many of these stories, however, have an American background.

Read these volumes, together with the histories, the autobiographies, the symposiums, and you will gain a deep insight into the collective soul of the American Jew.

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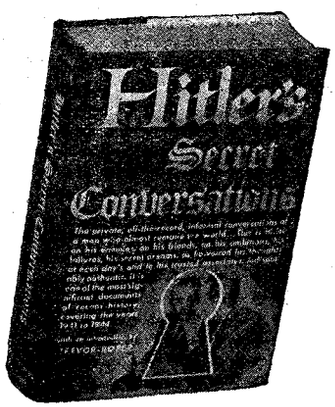

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BOOKS

On this and the following pages appear lists of books selected by Nation *reviewers and editors as the most interesting published in 1954. We present them as a guide to Christmas buying. Additional lists will be published next week.*

Faulkner and His Critics

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. By Robert Coughlan. Harper. $2.75.

WILLIAM FAULKNER: TWO DECADES OF CRITICISM. Edited by Frederick J. Hoffman and Olga W. Vickery. Michigan State College Press. $3.75.

THE TANGLED FIRE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. By William Van O'Connor. University of Minnesota Press. $4.

By John R. Willingham

FAULKNER'S receipt of a Nobel prize in 1949 and the publication of "A Fable" in 1954 have perhaps justifiably unleashed a new spate of studies, exegeses, and apologetics, as well as some entertaining travel literature about Oxford, Mississippi, and its quaint people and ways. Much of Mr. Coughlan's material falls into the last category. Though he indicates by his subtitle, "The Man, the Legend, the Writer," that he is attempting a portrait of the novelist, Coughlan has obviously fallen under the spell of Oxford and Lafayette County—so completely in fact that Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County too often seem remote, though Mr. Coughlan here and there speaks respectfully enough of Faulkner's work. The fact is that "The Private World of William Faulkner" is aimed at a popular audience which, to judge by the light sales of some of Faulkner's books, finds his work rather rough going. To that audience the well-written, interesting tidbits about Faulkner's life, his big house in Oxford, his friends and relatives, and the sketch of his ordeal with the critics will no doubt be welcome. For Faulkner and his strange canon are news, as Mr. Coughlan's articles in *Life* last year, on which this longer treatment is based, certainly made clear. There are eight pages of good *Life*-like photographs about the public world of William Faulkner. Though the book's sprightly manner and its pleasant, if superficial, talk about an important writer may easily convince a hopeful club lady that she now "understands" Faulkner, both Mr. Faulkner's "private world" and his writing remain elusive.

Professor Hoffman and Mrs. Vickery have ably edited a book of a very different sort. Originally issued in 1951, their collection of essays by several persons is really designed to elucidate and to clarify matters for readers who have already made an honest effort to get at the shape of Faulkner's work. Important academic and literary names appear as authors—among them Malcolm Cowley, Robert Penn Warren, Richard Chase, Jean-Paul Sartre, Conrad Aiken, and Andrew Lytle. The result of these combined efforts is an impressive and remarkably comprehensive treatment of the Faulkner canon from the beginnings through "Intruder in the Dust." Such critical essays, fragmentary in isolation, magically become a whole when brought together by such shrewd editorial insight as Mr. Hoffman and Mrs. Vickery possess. For example, Cowley's introductory essay written for "The Portable Faulkner" complements the admirable pioneer study of Faulkner's myth by George Marion O'Donnell, and Warren in turn complements Cowley. Hoffman's own introductory essay is a good examination of the shifting attitudes and emphases of Faulkner's critics.

William O'Connor attempts to correct some of the mistaken slants of earlier Faulkner criticism. In that effort he has the advantage of a better-unified one-man approach, although his book lacks the richness of the Hoffman-Vickery volume. He particularly deplores the "shockingly wrong-headed" studies which preceded the "Southern myth" evaluations of O'Donnell, Cowley, and Warren. And he frankly states that even these gentlemen have overlooked features of Faulkner's work which cannot be fitted so nicely into a Sartoris-Snopes or a Traditional-Past-vs.-an-Amoral-Present framework. The novels and stories seem largely to support O'Connor in his charge that the "Southern myth" bias is limited: the Civil War is almost completely absent from the important books, the setting of some of the fiction is not even northern Mississippi at all, and often Faulkner seems very dubious about the values of the Southern past. Therefore O'Connor turns to the "tangled" themes and methods of Faulkner—the aestheticism of the 1890's which crept into the early books, the search for a belief in "The Sound and the Fury," the necessity for involvement in "As I Lay Dying," the decay of values before the onslaught of the machine in "Sanctuary," the moral and ethical derangement of Southern Protestantism, and so on. O'Connor's approach to the master's work is singularly free of idolatry; he points out the failures along with the great achievements. Adequate biographical facts about Faulkner are included.

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM teaches English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

John W. Aldridge

The Literary Situation. By Malcolm Cowley. Viking. $3.75.

A Study of History. Volumes VII-X. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. $35.

A Fable. By William Faulkner. Random House. $4.75.

The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens. Knopf. $7.50.

The Huge Season. By Wright Morris. Viking. $3.75.

The Woman Within. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

Poems: 1923-1954. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace. $6.75.

Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey. Selected and with a Foreword by Sean O'Casey, and an Introduction by John Gassner. Braziller. $5.

Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams. Random House. $4.50.

Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead as Recorded by Lucien Price. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $5.

Individualism Reconsidered and Other Essays. By David Riesman. Free Press. $6.

The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. By Charles A. Fenton. Farrar, Straus and Young. $5.

Under Milk Wood. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $3.

Pictures from an Institution. By Randall Jarrell. Knopf. $3.50.

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The Conspiracy Against Education

PUBLIC EDUCATION UNDER CRITICISM. Edited by C. Winfield Scott and Clyde M. Hill. Prentice-Hall. $6.35.

THE DIMINISHED MIND. By Mortimer Smith. Henry Regnery Company. $2.75.

By Frederick L. Redefer

THESE two books should be reviewed together. The first is a collection of criticisms of education that have appeared in various publications since 1941. The second is an "attack" on the "educational conspiracy" that is accused of destroying American elementary and secondary schools and teachers' colleges.

"Public Education Under Criticism" ought to serve a very useful purpose. It includes articles by such critics as Fuller, Bestor, Smith, Lynd, Hutchins, Barzun, and Crockett and such defenders as Trow, Bacon, Melby, Meyer, and Rugh. The editors have omitted free swingers like Zoll, Hart, and Crain but have come close to the border of wild punches with John T. Flynn. It might have been well to include more of these irresponsible critics so that readers could see how fantastic some of their charges against the public schools are. If this had been done, it would explain the organized concern of educators as revealed in the section on How to Handle Criticisms.

It is useful to have the charges made and also replied to within the covers of one book. But as one reads the articles by Fuller, Flynn, Bestor, and Smith in perspective, one questions their ability to judge, analyze, and think. Much of the writing is sheer nonsense, if not purposeful distortion.

Mortimer Smith in "The Diminished Mind" says that his new book is a "factual counterpart" to his earlier one, "And Madly Teach," and that he has tried to be "scrupulously fair and accurate in documenting his case as he goes along." After making this statement, he forgets his promise. Opinions and judgments tumble over one another with little regard for facts. He picks his authorities primarily to document his side of the case. He does not analyze any serious refutation of his statements about how well the schools are teaching the three R's, but builds up certain writers to an undue influence and then tears down the straw men. He denounces some books without quoting a sentence or paragraph. He labels a commission on education "anti-intellectual" because it advocates for some youth courses in the graphic arts as well as verbal studies. He denounces the propagandists with all the writing tricks of a propagandist. He isolates the school in society and credits it with a non-existent power.

His particular targets are the "educationists" who have captured the public schools and teachers' colleges and are alleged to be destroying the minds of American youth. His remedy is the "humanities and sciences," but their effectiveness has to be taken on faith. Liberal-arts graduates must be dismayed that their champion is a man who gives such

FREDERICK L. REDEFER is professor of education at the School of Education, New York University.

H. H. Wilson

The Life of John Stuart Mill. By Michael St. John Packe. Macmillan. $6.50.

A Collection of Essays. By George Orwell. Anchor Books, Doubleday. 95 cents.

Seduction of the Innocent. By Frederic Wertham. Rinehart. $4.

Government and Science. By Don K. Price. New York University Press. $3.75.

Harvard Guide to American History. By Oscar Handlin, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Samuel Eliot Morrison, Frederick Merk, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Paul H. Buck. Harvard. $10.

Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier. By Jeannette Mirsky. Little, Brown. $3.

Tomorrow Is Already Here. By Robert Jungk. Translated by Marguerite Waldman. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

The American President. By Sidney Hyman. Harper. $4.

The Relaxed Sell. By Thomas Whiteside. Oxford. $3.50.

Education of an American Liberal. By Lucille Milner. Horizon Press. $3.95.

Hellenism and the Modern World. By Gilbert Murray. Beacon. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cents.

The Reason Why. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. McGraw-Hill. $4.

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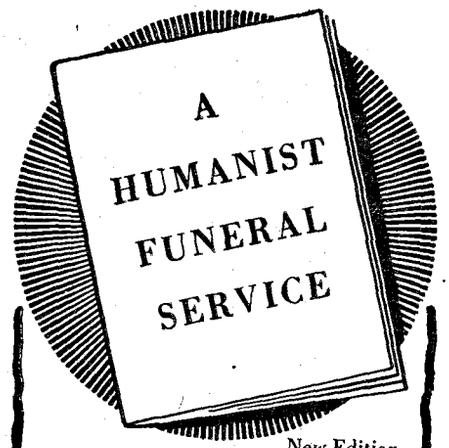

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a poor example of critical thinking and makes so many unsupported statements.

Smith ends his book with a call to arms. He urges parents to make themselves heard in communities and in state capitals. He warns them not to believe any statements by educationists. Not once does he caution parents to study, to examine, to know what they are talking about before they talk. "Parents ought not to be bashful, for instance, about looking over textbooks and complaining if they think they are poor."

After Hill and Scott had read all the material considered for inclusion in their anthology of criticism, they tried to determine what was the basis of the current outburst of critical writing about the schools. They found it in the fear and insecurity of society, and they believe that when fear and insecurity are relieved, criticism will diminish. I cannot help wondering whether this tells the whole story. Criticism of education is needed, and what is needed even more is scholarly critics who will examine carefully their own position. This the Flynns, Bestors, Lynds, and Smiths do not do.

The Best Is Still a Prison

ASSIGNMENT: PRISON RIOTS. By Peg McGraw and Walter McGraw. Henry Holt and Company. $3.95.

By Alfred Hassler

THE successive riots that have put American prisons on the front pages repeatedly in the last few years have given rise to a growing concern with prisons and the effect of confinement on anti-social behavior. The riots themselves are the major interest of the authors of the book under review. The McGraws are radio journalists; judging from this book, they are first-rate ones. Assigned by the National Broadcasting Company to prepare a series of broadcasts on the riots, they visited a dozen state and federal penitentiaries and tape-interviewed hundreds of officials, guards, inmates, and ex-inmates. Out of all this they produced not only some excellent radio programs but an exciting and often penetrating book that includes a good deal that radio time limitations and taboos have kept off the air.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the riots at the New Jersey and Michigan state prisons. The igniting incidents reported are not novel. Overcrowded and understaffed prisons, poorly trained and incompetent personnel, tasteless food, and unimaginative and stifling rules—these are classic to the prison scene. But the McGraws take these things out of the sociologist's textbook and turn them into vivid reality. Verbatim interviews with prison officials and riot leaders give a new and illuminating dimension to the facts.

The convicts themselves, however, with few exceptions come through as copies of the stereotyped creations of Hollywood and popular fiction. The authors claim to have discovered that "prisoners are people," but the mere

ALFRED HASSLER, publications secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, served three years in the federal penitentiary for his refusal to accept assignment to a war-time civilian public-service camp. He is the author of "Diary of a Self-made Convict."

Frederick L. Schuman

A Study of History, Vols. VII-X. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. $35.

Back of History. By William Howells. Doubleday. $5.

The Story of Man. By Carleton S. Coon. Knopf. $6.75.

Freedom Against Itself. By Clarence K. Streit. Harper. $3.75.

In the Name of Sanity. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

The Story of Our Civilization. By Philip Lee Ralph. Dutton. $3.75.

Science and the Common Understanding. By J. Robert Oppenheimer. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

Call to Greatness. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Harper. $2.25.

Realities of American Foreign Policy. By George F. Kennan. Princeton. $2.75.

The United States in a Changing World. By James P. Warburg. Putnam's. $5.75.

The Wilhelmstrasse. By Paul Seabury. California. $3.

The Spoor of Spooks. By Bergen Evans. Knopf. $4.50.

My Mission to Spain. By Claude G. Bowers. Simon and Schuster. $6.

The Dancing Bear: Berlin de Profundis. By Frances Faviell. Norton. $3.50.

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repetition of that threadbare phrase does not communicate effectively the reality behind it: that the men in prison differ as widely as people outside and react to stimuli in as many different ways. The McGraws come closest to making this clear in their very moving account of how they became emotionally involved to the extent of employing two ex-convicts to work in their own home. This is in many ways the best section of the book.

Their failure to realize completely the common humanity of criminals probably accounts for the McGraws' uncertainty about prison "reform" and their frequent admiring references to the federal prison system, with the implication that its use of the "new penology" points the way to a more effective future for the institution of prison. This reviewer has been an inmate of the "best" prison in the federal system and is willing to grant the genuinely good intentions of the men who run it, as well as the notable physical improvements they have made. The best of prisons, however, is still a prison.

The McGraws come closest to the question that underlies their whole book when they report their attempt to talk "morality" to one of their two ex-convict employees. Peter, responding tersely with some of the facts of life, concludes, "Don't give me that morality guff." "[We] had a tough time answering this one," write the McGraws. "Peter, as well as literally thousands of ex-cons and inmates, look around at our workaday world. They see politicians growing fat on crooked pay-offs. They see the police taking money under the table. They see the racketeer gorging himself at the expense of the little man. They see big business buttering itself with white-collar crime. And then we talk morality to them!"

They might have added that the criminal sees a society whose total culture is frankly materialistic, predatory, and acquisitive, which frequently draws an extremely tenuous line between the legitimate and the illegitimate, and whose criminal personality is therefore simply a slightly distorted reflection of its norm. Only as we grapple with the shortcomings in our own basic values shall we make any real progress toward the control and elimination of crime. In that progress, prison can have no part.

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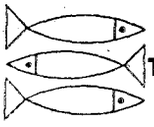

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Films

Robert Hatch

IT SEEMS probable that from now on we shall be receiving movies from Japan and elsewhere in the Orient at reasonably frequent intervals. Most of these, as the Daiei Studio in Tokyo announces of its program, will be "quality" films intended for the export market. "Rashomon," "Ugetsu," and now "The Gate of Hell" are all Daiei productions; it is evident that for export the firm will draw upon the folklore and traditions of Japanese culture.

This presents an exciting problem to the Western observer. Not only must he try to grasp the impulse behind the deeds of people with whose reactions and habits of logic he is unacquainted; not only must he respond to excerpts from a culture that is almost entirely closed to him; he must also try to gauge how much of what seems to him savage, archaic, or exotic would seem so also to an Oriental spectator.

Here are a few enigmatic items from "The Gate of Hell." A love scene early in the film opens with the hero repeatedly squirting water through his teeth into the face of the swooning heroine. He has a stream and a dipper handy, so why this particular restorative method? Perhaps it is a rough gesture that for a Japanese immediately evokes the olden days—like Lancelot tossing an ox bone under the banquet table; perhaps it has erotic overtones lost on Westerners. A more important point: the action of the picture, set in the twelfth century, develops from the intransigent passion of a Samurai warrior for the happily married wife of a fellow-officer. The Samurai, we suppose, are a class governed by an elaborate code of honor, but this dangerously inflamed gallant makes an absurd public nuisance of himself without seriously losing face in the corps. This clashes with our notion of how military aristocracies have governed themselves from Charlemagne to the Death's Head Hussars. Would it strike the Japanese as odd, or do they accept tantrums in the highest castes?

A final question, though the picture raises many more: the relationship between the heroine and her husband is of a yearning delicacy and shy respect rarely if ever encountered in Occidental portrayals of domestic love. Obviously this is an idyl of marriage, but how far does it parallel the customary decencies of Japanese family life?

To an American audience the film will be more impressive for its visual details than for its narrative. The movie is awkwardly balanced—a too important prelude of plots and battles fades inconclusively to make way for what is essentially a story of private conflict—and it moves abruptly, as though each scene were the synopsis of a scene, with the motivation and rising tension omitted. In Japan the story may be so well known that people can fill it out for themselves.

It is the first Japanese film in color that we have seen, and it may be the best movie color we have ever seen. That is not because the Japanese have found some superior process—they are using Eastman color, which the producers went to Rochester to study—but because the people responsible for this picture had an exquisite sense of the fitness of color and took pains that nothing they photographed should offend it.

The settings have a similar unassertive perfection: there is an amateur horse race, there are the elegant ritual ceremo-

Joseph Wood Krutch

The Challenge of Man's Future. By Harrison Brown. Viking. $3.75.

The Natural History of Mammals. By François Bourlière. Translated from the French by H. M. Parshley. Knopf. $5.

The Wilderness World of John Muir. With an Introduction and Interpretative Comment by Edwin Way Teale. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

The Old Country Store. By Gerald Carson. Oxford. $5.

God's Country and Mine. By Jacques Barzun. Atlantic Monthly Press Book; Little, Brown. $5.

Company Manners. By Louis Kronenberger. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

The Theatre in Our Time. By John Gassner. Crown. $5.

The Mating Instinct. By Lorus J. Milne and Margery J. Milne. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Plain Words: Their ABC. By Sir Ernest Gowers. Knopf. $2.50.

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nies, there are fragments of countryside and seashore, a few interiors, household instruments and utensils—all chosen and placed and composed to seduce the eye. The houses glow with a warmer and stronger color than the model house on view at the Museum of Modern Art would lead you to expect; they seem more spacious when poised Japanese actors move through them than the museum house does when thronged with wide-gesturing Americans.

The acting in "The Gate of Hell" looks to be on two levels. Kazuo Hasegawa, the love-mad hero, and Machiko Kyo, the faithful wife, appear to be governed by stylized forms. He grimaces like a devil mask and moves with the abrupt square grace of a Kabuki dancer, which he once was. She, although playing a woman of both will and courage, sidles and trembles like a beaten deer, her only tokens of emotion being her begging eyes and the weak mumbling of her tiny mouth. These are perhaps Japanese ideals of masculine and feminine carriage, but they are not ours and the mannerisms mask the personalities. The other actors work in a more natural style: the husband bears himself with an honest, slow gravity and his face shows a quiet humor when it is not troubled. The military commander is an expansive good fellow, the attendants are conventionally bureaucratic, and the subsidiary Samurai officers are the arrogant, quick-gestured, loud-laughing mercenaries of a military society.

AT THIS stage in the theatrical history of J. B. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls"—it cannot be revealing a confidence to say that the official of the title is a rum sort of cop. He is the human conscience or the recording angel or some other extra-sensory arm of the law, and he provides Alastair Sim with a role of such exceedingly smug whimsicality that even that most smug and whimsical of actors can scarcely fill it.

Mr. Priestley is one of the gentler present-day moralists, and it is graceless to spurn him, but I object to having my leg pulled for the good of my soul. The message of "An Inspector Calls" is that it is very wrong to kick a fellow human being in the stomach and that if we go about doing that sort of thing we may one day be ashamed of ourselves. Mr. Priestley evidently feels that this is an

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abstruse ethical concept, for he erects a most elaborate structure of coincidence and mystification to prove it.

THE one important thing about the screen version of Odets's "The Country Girl" is that it presents Bing Crosby in a part other than that of the irresistible Bing. He not only plays someone else, he plays someone exceedingly unpleasant—a mean, self-pitying, hypocritical drunk—and that is a bold thing for him to do. He has received the highest prices ever paid for charm and insouciance, and it took courage to chuck them. But it looks like the right move. Crosby's timing and stage sense have always been flawless, and he uses them now, not to project himself, but to make you forget him in your preoccupation with the not sensationally interesting character he plays. He engages your sympathy for an odious weakling, he makes you believe in this man's rather unconvincing reformation, he reads some perilous lines with more dignity than they deserve. Given good material, Crosby could become an accomplished actor after the longest and most successful vaudeville turn of our time.

Theater

Harold Clurman

IT SEEMS that in the building of one of the first tunnels under the North River a worker was blown through the river bed to the surface of the water without fatal injury. This extraordinary occurrence provides the dramatic core of "Sandhog," a ballad in three acts by Earl Robinson and Waldo Salt at the Phoenix Theater.

There is something lusty—almost gay—in the event itself, and the artistic purpose of "Sandhog" is to sing a song in praise of the hard work which goes into the epic task of constructing a tunnel, a bridge, a railroad, or a dam. These giant enterprises, the authors seem to be saying, are the fruits of the labor of sturdy men and the sacrifices of steadfast women, the virtually nameless heroes of our history—glorious history which we should recount with pride.

One wonders, then, why "Sandhog" fails to be inspiring, why its emphasis, which should be bold, hearty, Whitmanesque, remains predominantly gloomy and painful. That the authors and director did not wish it so is evident in Sophie Maslow's charming choreography for children, and in some of the songs, such as "Katie O'Sullivan" and "Johnny O." But there is no escaping the feeling that there is more masochism than majesty in "Sandhog."

Its forbear, Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock," written as "revolutionary theater" during the depression, had a more vigorous spirit and was actually cheerier in its effect. In "Sandhog," as one listens to the ominous opening number, "Come Down," and to such songs as the anatomical one describing the horror of the "bends" or the somewhat lighter one celebrating the amount of sweat poured out of the sandhog's body in performing his stint, one becomes aware of the sharp discrepancy between the purpose of this play and the temper in which it is executed.

The spirit would be the spirit of Jacob, but the body is the body of Esau. The authors find it difficult to be happy. For the fifties they need to be, if not exactly exultant, then at least pleasant, but theirs is the approach of the thirties—except that it is cramped by the fact that in the thirties there was enthusiasm in protest, while in the fifties, if protest is in one's heart and one has chosen a subject which does not call for protest, it is hard to be hale.

Even the setting by Howard Bay is contradictory. It is most striking—very fine in terms of abstract design—with its dome-like structure representing the great world of finance, government, and established religion supported, as it were, by a steel shaft tortuously descending from a great height to the stage floor, which may be taken to represent the bowls of the earth. The setting is cavernously somber, and conveys a message in itself. But besides making all expansiveness of mood impossible, it fails to be practical in the climactic dramatic moments, where the action instead of being almost natural-

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istically convincing is thinned out through pantomime.

What I like best in "Sandhog" is the cast. Not only are the voices good—I speak particularly of the four leads: Alice Ghostley, Betty Oakes, David Brooks, and Jack Cassidy, with honorable mention for Gordon Dilworth as a bartender-politician—but the quality of these young actor-singers is warm, generous, loyal, and humble. They give the production the human touch to which one can wholeheartedly respond. And for all the strictures which I feel compelled to make I must confess that I ended the evening by applauding. Though there is stammering and confusion in the proceedings, there is also something I value very highly—dedication.

Records

B. H. Haggin

THE Prokofiev Sonata No. 2 on Concert Hall 1311 is a smaller-scale example of the early writing in which it is astonishing to hear the musical powers that are involved, the assurance—in addition to the engaging youthful freshness and creative energy—with which they operate, the fully developed style they achieve. In this sonata it is the Prokofiev piano style, now intricately percussive and toccata-like, now lyrical, and one which the Soviet Russian pianist Gilels realizes very effectively. The record also offers his excellent performances of three of Tchaikovsky's six pieces Op. 19—the Capriccioso, Nocturne, and Scherzo Humoristique—early salon pieces of little consequence, but of interest because the Nocturne and Scherzo turn out to be the sources of three bits of thematic material that Stravinsky used in the mill scene of "Le Baiser de la fée"; and one is astonished and impressed by the way he transformed and elaborated them. The reverse side is wasted on a Glazunov sonata.

Epic 3065 offers Chopin's Etudes Opp. 10 and 25 played by Uninsky. In some of the pieces his speed is greater than Goldsand's on Concert Hall 1132/3; but Goldsand makes more of them as music. And others he plays without Uninsky's affectation—except Op. 25 No. 1, in which Goldsand's playing is highly mannered. In addition the Goldsand performances are much better reproduced.

Uninsky's performances of Chopin's great Sonatas Opp. 35 and 58 on Epic 3056 are also too affected for my taste; and I prefer the Nat performance of Op. 35 on Haydn Society 97, the Lipatti performance of Op. 58 on Columbia ML-4721.

Even less suitable for the music is Uninsky's affected performance of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" on Epic 3066. And no better is Pennario's often brutally percussive and insensitive performance of this work on Capitol LAL-8266. This version comes with an elaborately illustrated booklet by Alfred Frankenstein about the relation of Musorgsky's pictures to Hartmann's, which leads one to wonder how irrelevant can such material be. For it turns out that in one instance after another the Hartmann picture that was Musorgsky's point of departure has disappeared; and the few pictures Mr. Frankenstein *is* able to reproduce turn out to be an architect's typically academic, unimaginative, and mediocre products which account for nothing in Musorgsky's musical pictures beyond the titles: Mr. Frankenstein concedes that Hartmann's drawing of a bronze clock in the form of Baba Yaga's hut has little relation to the music concerned with her

B. H. Haggin

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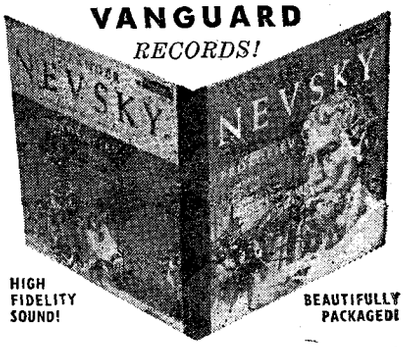

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ride through the air; and Hartmann's feeble costume sketch for the ballet of chicks in their shells has as little relation to the wonderfully imaginative musical picture on that subject. Moreover, in the instances where the relevant pictures have disappeared Mr. Frankenstein introduces others by Hartmann that were not even Musorgsky's points of departure and are therefore entirely without relevance: thus, in place of the lost watercolor of Limoges market women chattering over their pushcarts he introduces a watercolor of an old woman seated in a chair and reading her Bible.

Concert Hall 1305 has provided an occasion to hear again Tchaikovsky's excellent music for "The Queen of Spades"—the melodious arias in the vocal style of his songs, the beautiful writing in which one hears the orchestra used with the same extraordinary mastery of its resources as in the ballets and symphonies, and with impressive dramatic effect. Melik-Pasheyev conducts the superb orchestra and chorus of the Bolshoi Theater and good soloists except for the tremulous soprano and tight-voiced tenor, in the parts of Lisa and Herman, who are indigenous to the Russian operatic stage. The performance is reproduced well except for violins that lack liveness.

And Concert Hall 1310 has provided a first hearing of Tchaikovsky's music for "Mazeppa," which is of the same character but not of the same quality. Nebolsin conducts the same orchestra and chorus but less good soloists—a tenor this time whose voice also is tremulous, and a soprano whose voice is nothing but tremolo. The recorded sound is muffled.

Cetra (Capitol) A-50167 offers highlights of the performance of "La Traviata" with Callas that I reviewed a couple of months ago. As I listened again to her singing, now so lovely and now so strident, I was more aware of the stridency being a result of reckless forcing of a voice not properly and securely produced, and of its being made worse by the recording—which is to say that the voice is more agreeable with treble reduced.

THE American Opera Society, which devotes itself to operas outside of the standard repertory, opened its second season with Rossini's "Otello," and thus enabled a public which knows Rossini only as a composer of operatic comedy to hear some of his serious dramatic music—to be astonished right at the start by the power of the slow opening section of the overture, and to be impressed by the melodic beauty and the dramatic force of much of the vocal writing later on. The writing for Desdemona was sung with impressive style by Jennie Tourel; the florid writing for Otello and Rodrigo, some of it rising to sensational points in the high tenor range, was sung with remarkable vocal beauty, ease, and flexibility by Albert DaCosta, the Rodrigo, and without them by Thomas Hayward, the Otello. Arnold U. Gamson was very efficient in the business of holding singers and orchestra together; and I had the impression he would have produced a fine-sounding performance if he had had more strings, better winds, and more rehearsal. The society should now let the public hear the superb music Rossini wrote for "William Tell."

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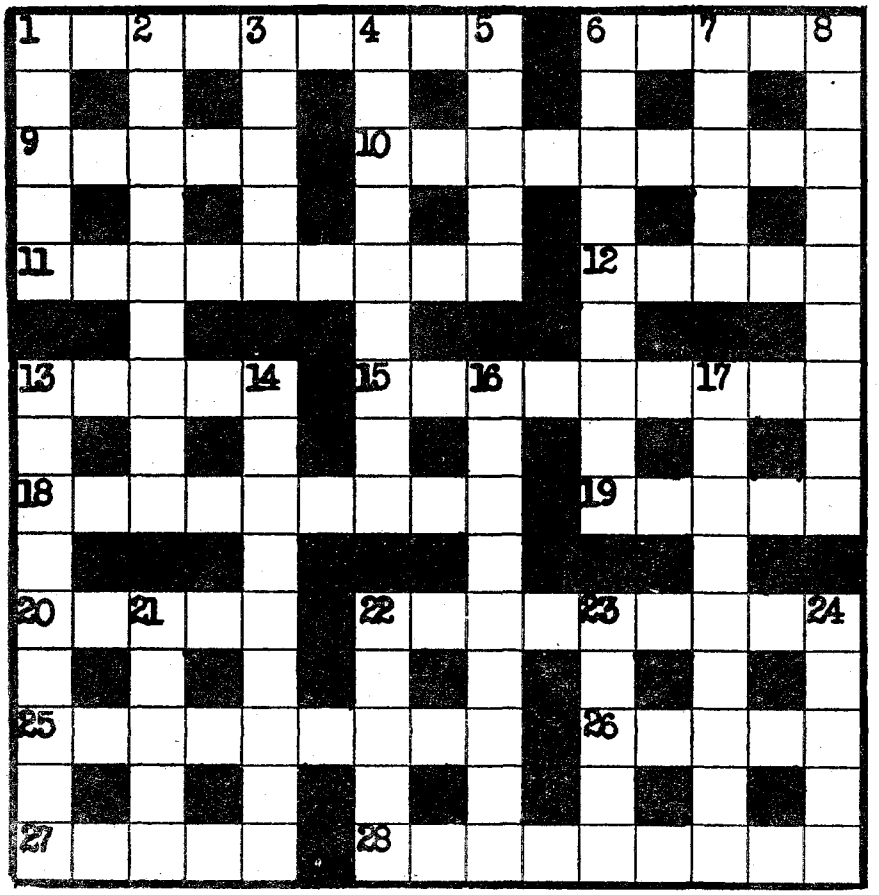
Crossword Puzzle No. 597

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Are, by the sound of it, connected with diagrams. (5, 4)
6 Drilled to the point of dullness? (5)
9 See 22 across.
10 The sort of pitch associated with craft? (9)
11 A cad and his mother know their place? (9)
12 Comparatively stern? (5)
13, 3 down, and 24 down. Implying some body has more than one spine. (5, 2, 3, 5)
15 Learning—the hard way! (9)
18 Bring home the bacon, perhaps—in a partial sense. (4, 5)
19 See 13 down.
20 Finish vertically? (3, 2)
22 and 9. Ghosts, or when they walk. (3, 4, 2, 5)
25 Copious. (9)
26 Saw. (5)
27 Something about the first lady suggests an administrative officer. (5)
28 It went the way of the one which made the score. (9)

DOWN

1 Person or estate. (5)
2 Does the correct place to hang something suggest a ring? (5, 4)
3 See 13 across.
4 Evidently the boss isn't a square, even if Parliamentarian. (9)
5 Dooms to destruction, figuratively. (5)
6 A double deterrent to belief? (9)
7 This might be a British joint. (5)
8 Not where Macaroni is produced out west. (4, 5)
13 and 19 across. Reverse order. (2, 3, 4, 5)
14 Composition for flute a bec? (9)
16 Draw out something sharp, as a tune he has. (9)
17 Shed light upon. (9)
21 Fanatical person of some worth to the medicine man? (5)
22 The dry type is usually not drunk. (5)
23 Force payment—to be strictly accurate. (5)
24 See 13 across.

• • • • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 596

ACROSS:—1 REINFORCEMENT; 10 LEVATOR; 11 ANTIGUA; 12 PARNASSUS; 13 ESTOP; 14 RACKET; 16 BANKBOOK; 19 PARAFFIN; 20 HORN IN; 22 DELHI; 23 TAILSPINS; 25 STARVES; 26 TREADLE; 27 HYDROELECTRIC.

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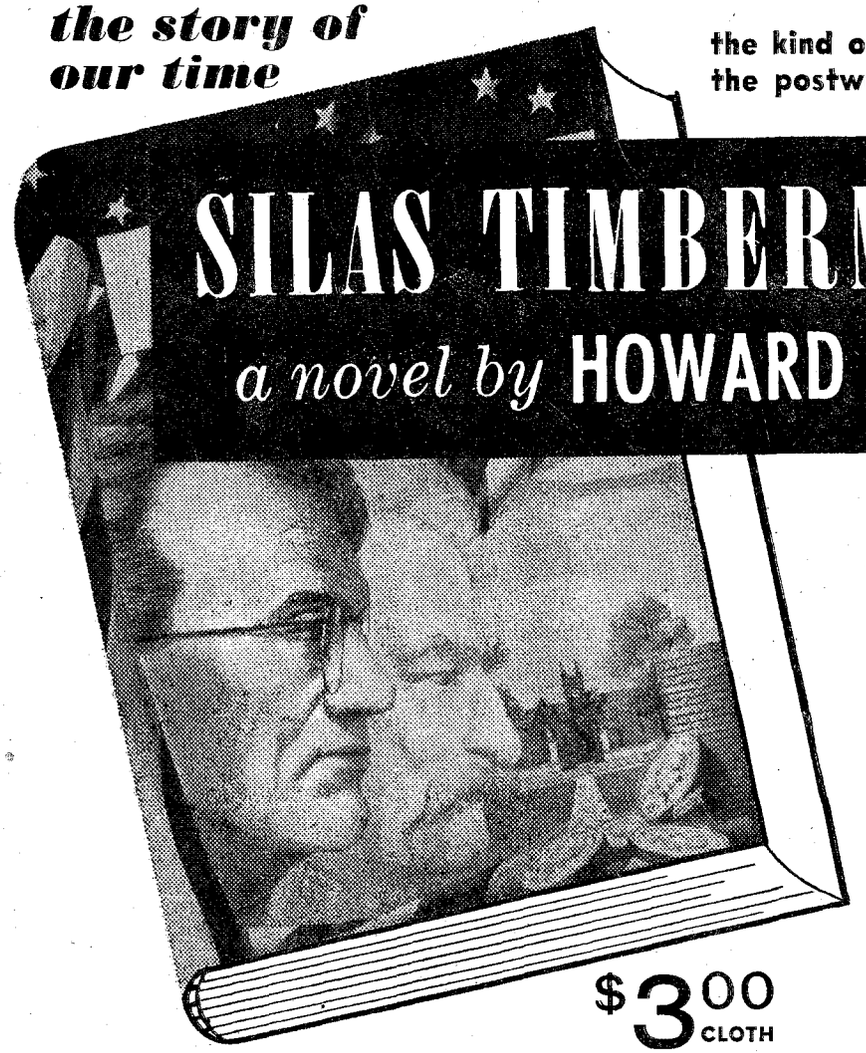

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